The BLACK RIDER!
BLACK RIDER
10¢
NO. 15
JULY
DEATH TO THE ENEMY OF THE RED MAN!! DESTROY THE BLACK RIDER!
STAND BACK... I'M TRYING TO HELP YOU!! YOU'VE BEEN TRICKED! I DON'T WANT TO KILL YOU!
AIEEEE!
THE BLACK RIDER SPEAKS WITH A FORKED TONGUE... HE HAS BETRAYED OUR TRUST!! HE MUST DIE!
ONLY THE BLACK RIDER COULD STOP THE MENACE OF THE "REVOLT OF THE REDSKINS!"

"Uncle Bernie's" TOY SHOP

FUN FOR ALL!

Turn the key and the car is off! For one make it an whenever you wish because it's a genuine 3 gear motor car that shifts from forward to reverse! Stop, go, speed up, slow down, keep your hand on the steering wheel and pull on your forward it's the only car where reverse of a gear-case connection with all of the same features — long, slim lines, real rubber radial tires, a gleaming metallic straight running board, and two front headlights! Comes already assembled, ready to operate! Ideal for Boy or Girl! Ages 3 to 13 years old. Dad too, that will ride straight into every man's $2500 NO MONEY! Rush your order today. Remit your order and we pay postage or C.O.D. plus postage.

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- HOLDS PENNIES, NICKELS, DIMES!
- DOUBLE LOCK AND KEY!

Exciting saving bank serves peanuts while you save pennies, nickels, dimes! Comes with top hat, dashing mustache, a ½ pound vacuum can of delicious roasted peanuts, double lock and key. Drop in a coin and flip back the ear—out pops a generous amount of peanuts made of sturdy, durable plastic. MR. PEANUT VENDER-BANK is ideal to start the kiddies saving (holds upwards of $20 in coins.) Wonderful for parties, entertaining family fun. Easy to refill. SEND NO MONEY C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

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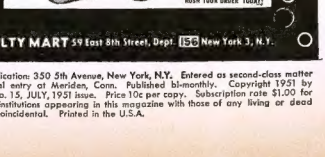

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BLACK RIDER

MYSTERY MAN OF THE WESTERN RANGE!

KILL THE PALEFACE MEDDLER! HE COMES TO STEAL OUR FIREWATER!

I CAN'T HOLD THEM OFF, SATAN! THEY'VE GONE WILD WITH LIQUOR!

WHISKEY BRINGS OUT THE WORST IN A MAN, RED MAN OR PALEFACE! BUT WHEN MEN ARE BAD TO BEGIN WITH, FIREWATER CAN TURN THEM INTO A FLAMING TIDE OF TERROR THAT CAN DELUGE THE FRONTIER WITH ITS FLOODS OF HATRED!

THE POISONED BOTTLES!

9349

ONE AFTERNOON, WHILE DOC MASTERS, WILDERNESS PHYSICIAN, IS ON A MERCY CALL...

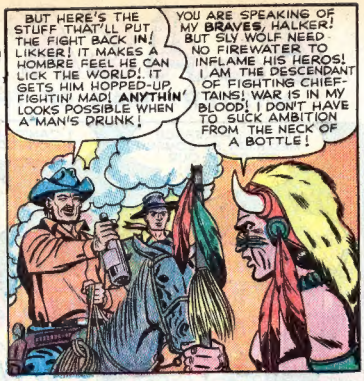
SMOKE! -- IT'S THE NEWTON RANCH! AN' FROM THE SMELL OF IT, IT AIN'T A **SEER** THAT'S BEEN BARBECUED!

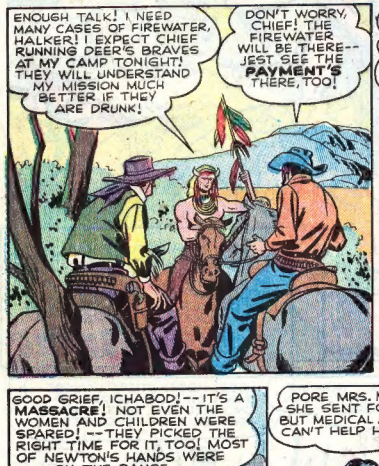
A FINE JOB! -- NOW WE RETURN TO CAMP! MOUNT YOUR HORSES!

HEEE! HEEE! THESE HOUSES BURN LIKE DRY GRASS! IF ONLY **ALL** THE SETTLEMENTS WERE SO EASY TO DESTROY!

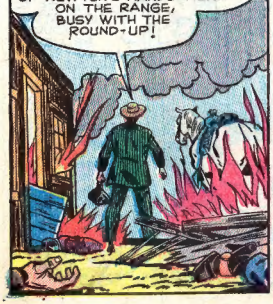
MORE FIREWATER IN YOUR BELLIES, MY **UNBRAVE** BRAVES, AND YOU WILL MARCH ON WASHINGTON ITSELF!

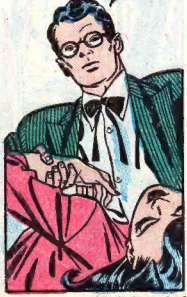
HEEE! A!!!!! A!!!!!
I SEE YUH GOT EVERY MOTHER'S SON OF 'EM, SLY WOLF! AIN'T IT TRUE WHAT I TOLD YUH? IT AIN'T GUNS YUH INJUNS NEED--- IT'S BIG DREAMS OF RUNNIN' THE PALEFACES OFF YORE LAND!
YES, HALKER! MY RED BROTHERS HAVE GROWN COWARDLY, RESIGNED TO THEIR FATE, CONTENT TO LIVE ON RESERVATIONS! THE FIGHT HAS GONE OUT OF THEM!


BUT HERE'S THE STUFF THAT'LL PUT THE FIGHT BACK IN! LIKKER! IT MAKES A HOMBRE FEEL HE CAN LICK THE WORLD! IT GETS HIM HOPPED-UP, FIGHTIN' MAD! ANYTHIN' LOOKS POSSIBLE WHEN A MAN'S DRUNK!
YOU ARE SPEAKING OF MY BRAVES, HALKER! BUT SLY WOLF NEED NO FIREWATER TO INFLAME HIS HEROS! I AM THE DESCENDANT OF FIGHTING CHIEFTAINS! WAR IS IN MY BLOOD! I DON'T HAVE TO SUCK AMBITION FROM THE NECK OF A BOTTLE!

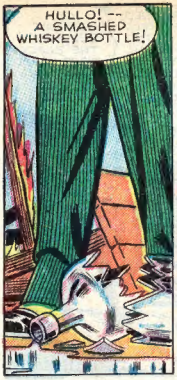

ENOUGH TALK! I NEED MANY CASES OF FIREWATER, HALKER! I EXPECT CHIEF RUNNING DEER'S BRAVES AT MY CAMP TONIGHT! THEY WILL UNDERSTAND MY MISSION MUCH BETTER IF THEY ARE DRUNK!
DON'T WORRY, CHIEF! THE FIREWATER WILL BE THERE-- JEST SEE THE PAYMENT'S THERE, TOO!

THINK THEY GOT MUCH STUFF FROM NEWTON'S RANCH?
IF NOT, SLY WOLF WILL MAKE IT UP ON THE NEXT RAID! PRETTY SOON HE'LL BE SACKIN' TOWNS TO GIVE ME MY PRICE! YEP... IT'S A NEAT LITTLE RACKET I WORKED UP! AN' TO THINK I WASTED YEARS SELLIN' ROTGUT TO SALOONS WHEN I COULD HAVE HAD EVERY REDSKIN IN THE WEST FOR MY CUSTOMER!

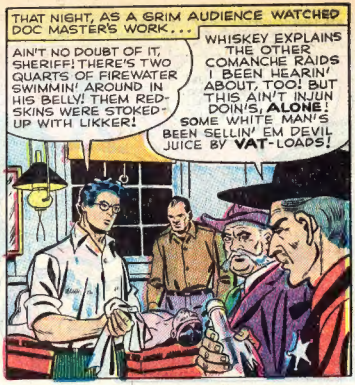

GOOD GRIEF, ICHABOD!--IT'S A MASSACRE! NOT EVEN THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN WERE SPARED! --THEY PICKED THE RIGHT TIME FOR IT, TOO! MOST OF NEWTON'S HANDS WERE ON THE RANGE, BUSY WITH THE ROUND-UP!

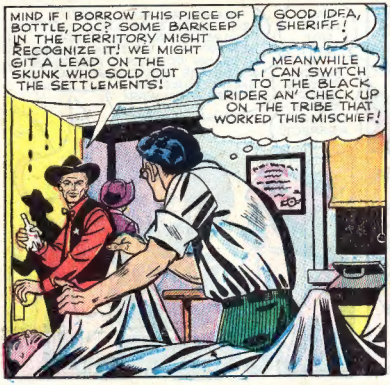

PORE MRS. NEWTON! SHE SENT FOR ME-- BUT MEDICAL ATTENTION CAN'T HELP HER NOW!

HMMM... THE REDSKINS TOOK EVERYTHIN' WORTH A NICKEL WITH 'EM! STRIPPED WALLS! BLOWN SAFE!--THEY WORKED LIKE OUTLAWS!

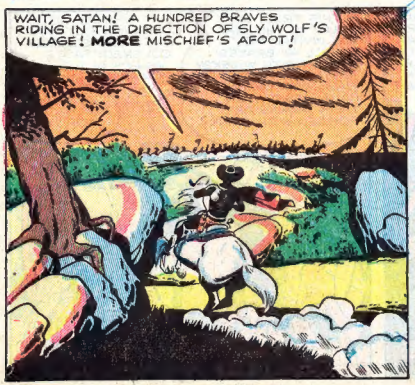

HULLO! -- A SMASHED WHISKEY BOTTLE!

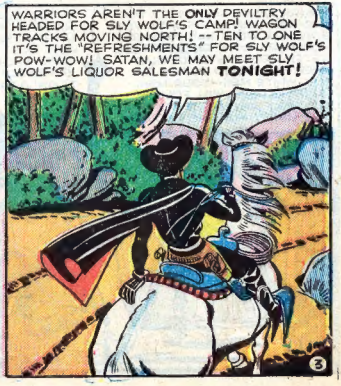
EVERY INJUN SMELLS FROM FIREWATER! I'M TAKIN' ONE BACK TO TOWN FOR AN AUTOPSY...!

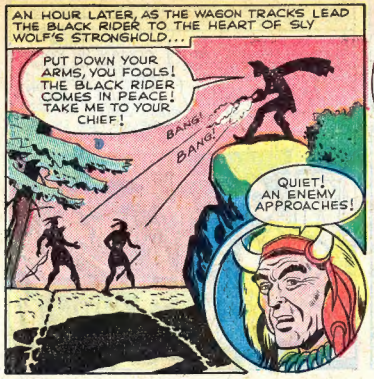

THAT NIGHT, AS A GRIM AUDIENCE WATCHED DOC MASTER'S WORK...
AIN'T NO DOUBT OF IT, SHERIFF! THERE'S TWO QUARTS OF FIREWATER SWIMMIN' AROUND IN HIS BELLY! THEM REDSKINS WERE STOKED-UP WITH LIKKER!
WHISKEY EXPLAINS THE OTHER COMANCHE RAIDS I BEEN HEARIN' ABOUT, TOO! BUT THIS AIN'T INJUN DOIN'S, ALONE! SOME WHITE MAN'S BEEN SELLIN' EM DEVIL JUICE BY VAT-LOADS!


MIND IF I BORROW THIS PIECE OF BOTTLE, DOC? SOME BARKEEP IN THE TERRITORY MIGHT RECOGNIZE IT! WE MIGHT GIT A LEAD ON THE SKUNK WHO SOLD OUT THE SETTLEMENTS!
GOOD IDEA, SHERIFF!
MEANWHILE I CAN SWITCH TO THE BLACK RIDER AN' CHECK UP ON THE TRIBE THAT WORKED THIS MISCHIEF!

WITH SHADES DRAWN, DOC MASTERS MAKES A SWIFT CHANGE INTO THAT NEMESIS OF EVIL, THE BLACK RIDER!
ONLY ONE COMANCHE CHIEF IN THIS TERRITORY IS MAD ENOUGH TO USE FIREWATER TO FURTHER HIS AMBITIONS! SLY WOLF! -- SLY WOLF WAS WEANED ON HATRED! HE'S RUTHLESSLY AMBITIOUS! HE FINDS FULFILLMENT IN WAR, NOT PEACE!


WAIT, SATAN! A HUNDRED BRAVES RIDING IN THE DIRECTION OF SLY WOLF'S VILLAGE! MORE MISCHIEF'S AFOOT!

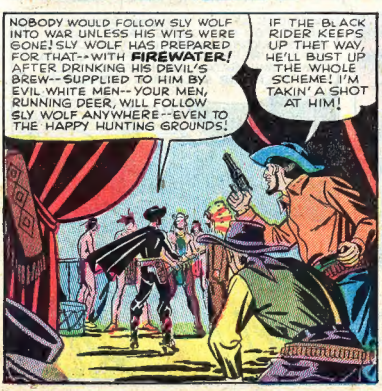

WARRIORS AREN'T THE ONLY DEVILTRY HEADED FOR SLY WOLF'S CAMP! WAGON TRACKS MOVING NORTH! -- TEN TO ONE IT'S THE "REFRESHMENTS" FOR SLY WOLF'S POW-WOW! SATAN, WE MAY MEET SLY WOLF'S LIQUOR SALESMAN TONIGHT!

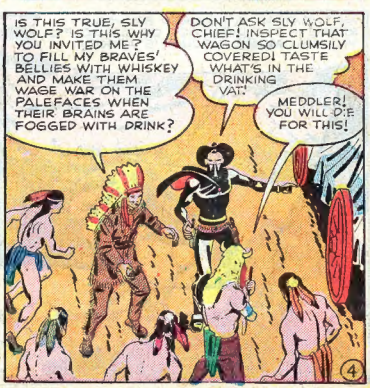

AN HOUR LATER, AS THE WAGON TRACKS LEAD THE BLACK RIDER TO THE HEART OF SLY WOLF'S STRONGHOLD...
PUT DOWN YOUR ARMS, YOU FOOLS! THE BLACK RIDER COMES IN PEACE! TAKE ME TO YOUR CHIEF!
BANG!
BANG!
QUIET! AN ENEMY APPROACHES!

IT IS THE BLACK RIDER! HE COMES TO SPEAK WITH YOU, SLY WOLF!
THE BLACK RIDER?! NED! QUICK! GIT THESE BARRELS OUTA HERE! COVER UP THE WAGON WITH A TARPAULIN! CHIEF--WHATEVER YUH DO, DON'T LET THE BLACK RIDER FIND OUT WHO'S GIVIN' YUH THE DRINK OR WHAT'S IN THE WAGON!
YOU NEEDN'T RUN, FOOLS! THE BLACK RIDER WON'T LEAVE MY VILLAGE ALIVE!

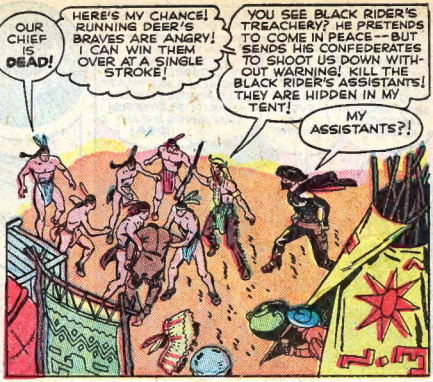
PUT DOWN YOUR RIFLE, SLY WOLF! THE BLACK RIDER IS THE FRIEND OF ALL PEOPLES, RED OR WHITE!
BUT YOU CAN'T SAY THE SAME FOR SLY WOLF, CHIEF RUNNING DEER! SLY WOLF IS A FRIEND ONLY UNTO HIMSELF! SLY WOLF HAS INVITED YOU HERE ONLY TO DESTROY YOU!
THE PALE-FACE DOG LIES! LET GO, RUNNING DEER! LET ME SLAY HIM!

NAY! HEAR HIM OUT! THE BLACK RIDER'S GOOD DEEDS DESERVE RESPECT!
THANKS, RUNNING DEER! EVEN YOUR OWN MEN, SLY WOLF, RAISE NO WEAPON AGAINST ME! FOR THEIR DRUNKENNESS HAS WORN OFF, AND THEIR MINDS ARE NOW CLEAR! THEY KNOW DISASTER COMES FROM WAR!

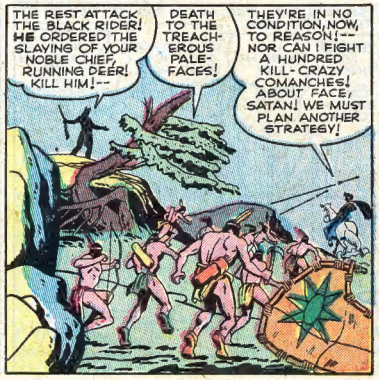

NOBODY WOULD FOLLOW SLY WOLF INTO WAR UNLESS HIS WITS WERE GONE! SLY WOLF HAS PREPARED FOR THAT--WITH FIREWATER! AFTER DRINKING HIS DEVIL'S BREW--SUPPLIED TO HIM BY EVIL WHITE MEN--YOUR MEN, RUNNING DEER, WILL FOLLOW SLY WOLF ANYWHERE--EVEN TO THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS!
IF THE BLACK RIDER KEEPS UP THET WAY, HE'LL BUST UP THE WHOLE SCHEME! I'M TAKIN' A SHOT AT HIM!

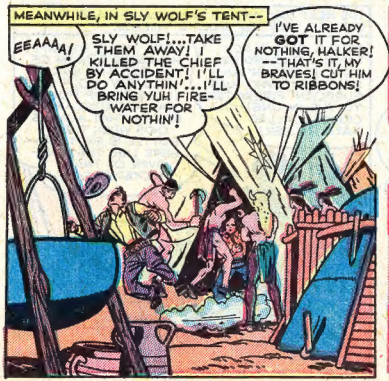

IS THIS TRUE, SLY WOLF? IS THIS WHY YOU INVITED ME? TO FILL MY BRAVES' BELLIES WITH WHISKEY AND MAKE THEM WAGE WAR ON THE PALEFACES WHEN THEIR BRAINS ARE FOGGED WITH DRINK?
DON'T ASK SLY WOLF, CHIEF! INSPECT THAT WAGON SO CLUMSILY COVERED! TASTE WHAT'S IN THE DRINKING VAT!
MEDDLER! YOU WILL D'E FOR THIS!

LOOK OUT, HALKER! CHIEF RUNNIN' DEER IS COMIN' THIS WAY! HE'S RIGHT IN YORE LINE OF FIRE!
TOO LATE! I PULLED THE TRIGGER!


OUR CHIEF IS **DEAD!**
HERE'S MY CHANCE! RUNNING DEER'S BRAVES ARE ANGRY! I CAN WIN THEM OVER AT A SINGLE STROKE!
YOU SEE BLACK RIDER'S TREACHERY? HE PRETENDS TO COME IN PEACE--BUT SENDS HIS CONFEDERATES TO SHOOT US DOWN WITHOUT WARNING! KILL THE BLACK RIDER'S ASSISTANTS! THEY ARE HIDDEN IN MY TENT!
MY ASSISTANTS?!

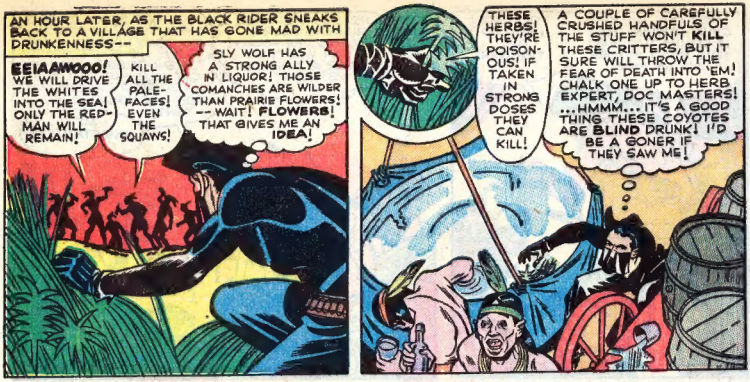
HALKER! WHAT'S HAPPENIN'?! HAS SLY WOLF GONE CRAZY?! HE'S TELLIN' THE INJUNS TO ATTACK U-- **YYYIIIIIII!**
SLY WOLF KNOWS WE'RE IN HERE!-- SLY WOLF! CALL YORE BRAVES OFF! IT'S ME, HALKER! YORE **PAL**, HALKER!
I CAN HAVE MANY "PALS" FOR THE PRICE I PAY HALKER! MANY **OTHER** WHISKEY SALESMEN WILL BE EAGER TO BETRAY THEIR PEOPLE FOR GOLD!
DON'T LISTEN TO THE FOOLS! **SLAY THEM!**

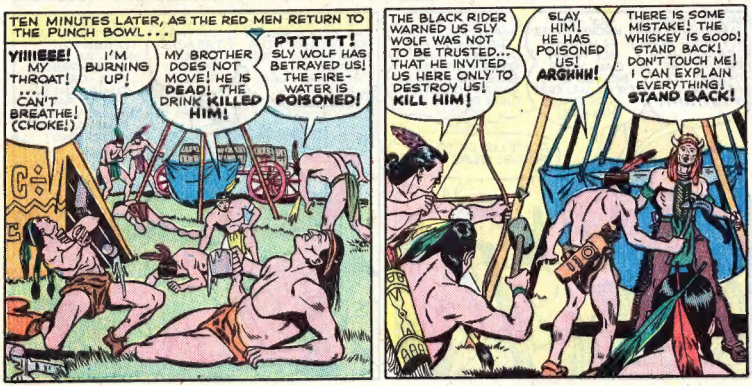

THE REST ATTACK THE BLACK RIDER! **HE** ORDERED THE SLAYING OF YOUR NOBLE CHIEF, RUNNING DEER! KILL HIM!--
DEATH TO THE TREACHEROUS PALE-FACES!
THEY'RE IN NO CONDITION, NOW, TO REASON!-- NOR CAN I FIGHT A HUNDRED KILL-CRAZY COMANCHES! ABOUT FACE, SATAN! WE MUST PLAN ANOTHER STRATEGY!

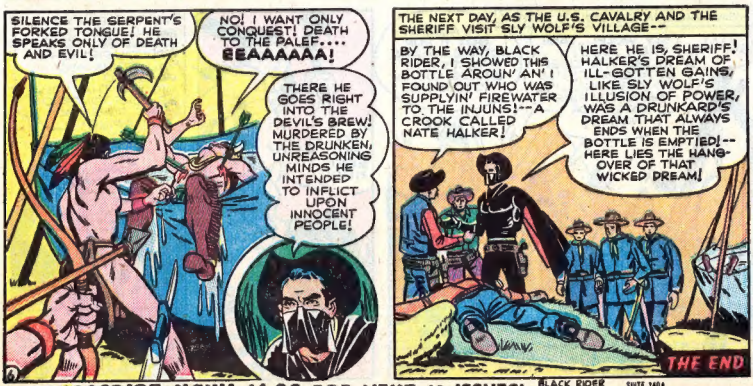

MEANWHILE, IN SLY WOLF'S TENT--
EEAAAA!
SLY WOLF!...TAKE THEM AWAY! I KILLED THE CHIEF BY ACCIDENT! I'LL DO ANYTHIN'...I'LL BRING YUH FIRE-WATER FOR NOTHIN'!
I'VE ALREADY **GOT** IT FOR NOTHING, HALKER! --THAT'S IT, MY BRAVES! CUT HIM TO RIBBONS!

NO! **NO!** **EEEE** !!!!!!!

THEY'RE DEAD NOW... AS ALL PALEFACES SHOULD BE! TO THE COUNCIL FIRES! WE WILL DRINK AND FEAST TO THE VICTORY THAT WILL BE OURS TOMORROW AND FOREVER AFTER!







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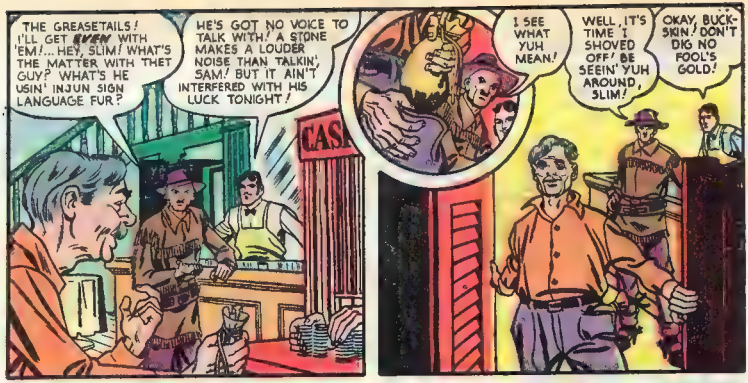
BLACK RIDER

MYSTERY MAN OF THE WESTERN RANGE!

A MURDERER STALKS AN INNOCENT MAN! THE VICTIM'S SCREAM SPLITS THE NIGHT AIR! BUT NOBODY HEARS THE SHRIEK! WHY?

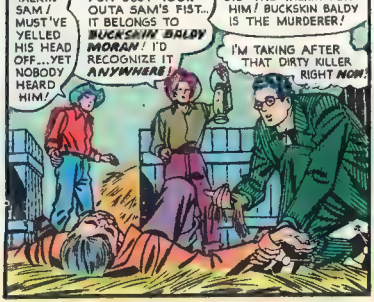
THE SILENT SCREAM!

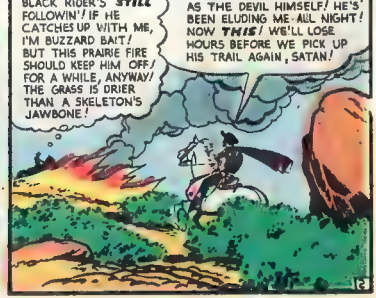

THE GREASETAILS! I'LL GET EVEN WITH 'EM!... HEY, SLIM! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THET GUY? WHAT'S HE USIN' INJUN SIGN LANGUAGE FUR?
HE'S GOT NO VOICE TO TALK WITH! A STONE MAKES A LOUDER NOISE THAN TALKIN', SAM! BUT IT AIN'T INTERFERED WITH HIS LUCK TONIGHT!
I SEE WHAT YUH MEAN!
WELL, IT'S TIME I SHOVED OFF! BE SEEIN' YUH AROUND, SLIM!
OKAY, BUCKSKIN! DON'T DIG NO FOOL'S GOLD!

HI, TALKIN' SAM! HEARD YUH CLEANED UP TONIGHT! IT'S TIME YUH GOT A BREAK! ...GUESS YOU'RE GOIN' TO SEE HOW YORE HOSS IS DOIN'! GO RIGHT IN, SAM!
I'LL SLIP AROUN' THE BACK WAY AN' CORNER THE DEAF MUTE IN HIS HOSS STALL!

THEM GUYS OUT FRONT COULD BE UNDER HIS NOSE AN' NEVER HEAR HIM SCREAM! HE CAN'T HEAR ME SNEAK UP ON HIM, EITHER! EVEN IF I KICKED OVER A BARREL...!

GOTCHA! WHAT A FOOL I AM! GOT MY PALM CLAMPED OVER HIS MOUTH! WHAT FUR?! HE CAN'T MAKE A SOUND!
SCREAM YORE BLOODY HEAD OFF! NOBODY CAN HEAR YUH BUT ME!
THE COAST IS CLEAR! THIS WAS EASIER THAN FALLIN' INTO A GOLD MINE!


A HALF HOUR LATER, AFTER THE BODY IS FOUND AND DOC MASTERS IS SUMMONED...
PORE TALKIN' SAM! MUST'VE YELLED HIS HEAD OFF...YET NOBODY HEARD HIM!
DOC! THET FRINGE YUH JUST TOOK OUTA SAM'S FIST... IT BELONGS TO BUCKSKIN BALDY MORAN! I'D RECOGNIZE IT ANYWHERE!
THEN SAM'S FIST DID THE TALKIN' FOR HIM! BUCKSKIN BALDY IS THE MURDERER!
I'M TAKING AFTER THAT DIRTY KILLER RIGHT NOW!


AFTER A SECRET, LIGHTNING-LIKE SWITCH TO THE BLACK RIDER, AND SOME ALL-NIGHT, UNRELENTING TRAILING...
CUSS HIS HIDE!...THE BLACK RIDER'S STILL FOLLOWIN'! IF HE CATCHES UP WITH ME, I'M BUZZARD BAIT! BUT THIS PRAIRIE FIRE SHOULD KEEP HIM OFF! FOR A WHILE, ANYWAY! THE GRASS IS DRIER THAN A SKELETON'S JAWBONE!
HE'S STARTING A PRAIRIE FIRE! THE MAN'S AS CUNNING, AS THE DEVIL HIMSELF! HE'S BEEN ELUDING ME ALL NIGHT! NOW THIS! WE'LL LOSE HOURS BEFORE WE PICK UP HIS TRAIL AGAIN, SATAN!

THREE HOURS LATER...AN EXHAUSTED HORSE AND RIDER COME UPON A SOLITARY PROSPECTOR...

HEY...***YOU***! MIND IF I SQUAT HERE A MITE? I BEEN RIDIN' ALL NIGHT AN' I'M BUSHED!...HE AIN'T ANSWERED! I GUESS IT'S ALL RIGHT, THEN! IF IT WASN'T, THEM LONERS WOULD HOLD A GUN ON YUH LIKE A FLASH! THEY DON'T LIKE COMPANY! HMMMM...I THINK I'LL GIT OUTA THE SUN!

IT'LL BE HALF A DAY BEFORE THE BLACK RIDER FINDS MY TRAIL AGAIN! THEN WHEN ***HE'S*** TIRED, I'LL BE STREAKIN' FUR THE BORDER!

C'MON...YUH STUBBORN HUNK OF VULTURE MEAT! WHAT'RE YUH HANGIN' BACK FUR?! YUH'D THINK YUH SAW A NEST OF RATTLERS AHEAD! ***C'MON***!

GIT INTO THE SHADE, YUH... ***HEY***!...

SPLOOOSSHHH!

QUICKSAND! ...I'M SINKIN'! HEY, MISTER! ***MISTER, HELP***! I'M CAUGHT IN QUICKSAND! ***HELP***!

FUR THE LOVE OF HEAVEN! I'M GOIN' DOWN! ***WHY DON'T HE HELP ME***?! (SOB!)...***HELP***!

WHY DON'T HE ***ANSWER***? I'M UP TO MY CHEST! I CAN'T REACH DRY LAND! ***HELP ME! HELP***!

IT'S TOO LATE! I-I'M GOIN' DOWN! THAT CRITTER! WHY DON'T HE COME ***ARGNNNHH***!

NEAR SUNSET, THE SAME DAY...

EVENING, DANNY! I'M TRAILING A MURDERER NAMED BUCKSKIN BALDY MORAN! MORAN'S HORSE IS YONDER, BUT I DON'T SEE ***HIM*** AROUND! ***YOU*** SEEN HIM?

WHY, ***SURE***! HE WENT INTO THE WOODS TO LIE DOWN IN THE SHADE...'ROUND NOONTIME IT WAS! I AIN'T HEARD FROM HIM SINCE!

FOR A GOOD REASON, DANNY! MORAN MUST'VE FALLEN INTO THE ***QUICKSAND***! HE MUST'VE SCREAMED HIS HEAD OFF FOR HELP...BUT YOU DIDN'T HEAR A THING! HE DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE ***STONE DEAF***! THE MUTE BUCKSKIN KILLED, ***COULDN'T*** SCREAM! BUCKSKIN ***COULD*** SCREAM...BUT YOU DIDN'T ***HEAR*** HIM! ...IT WAS ***RETRIBUTION***!

THE END

GIVEN! ACT NOW MAIL COUPON!

BOYS! GIRLS! LADIES! MEN! WE GIVE YOU CASH OR PREMIUMS!

Candid Cameras with Carrying Cases, Radios (sent postage paid). Mail coupon to start.

OUR 56th YEAR

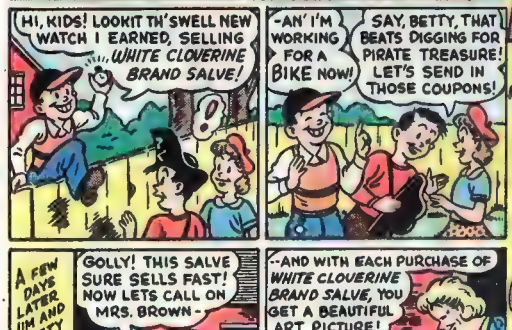
ACT NOW 56th YR.

Boys! Girls! Ladies! Men!

Lovable Dolls over 13" high, Cub Fishing Outfits, Genuine 22 Cal. Rifles, Daisy Air Rifles (sent postage paid). Give pictures with White CLOVERINE SALVE sold at 25c a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with order to start. It's fun! Easy! We trust you! Begin at once!

BE FIRST

Boys-Girls Bicycles (sent express charges collect). Mail coupon to start.



NO MONEY NOW

Pocket Watches, Wrist Watches, Baseballs, Bats (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash easily yours. To start, mail coupon for White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE and Pictures easily sold to friends, relatives, neighbors at 25c a box (with picture).

YOUR BIG CHANCE!

LOOK!

START TODAY!

Footballs, Basketballs (sent postage paid). Mail coupon to start.

Ukuleles, Jewelry, Watches (sent postage paid). Mail coupon to start.

BIG CATALOG!

Alarm Clocks, Pen and Pencil Sets, Bibles, Billfolds, Telescopes, Roller Skates, Blankets, Aluminum Ware, Record Players, Movie Machines (sent postage paid). Rush coupon to start!

ACT NOW

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Gentlemen:- Please send me on trial 13 colorful art pictures with 13 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 25c a box (with picture.) I will remit amount asked within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with order, postage paid to start.

Name..... Age.....

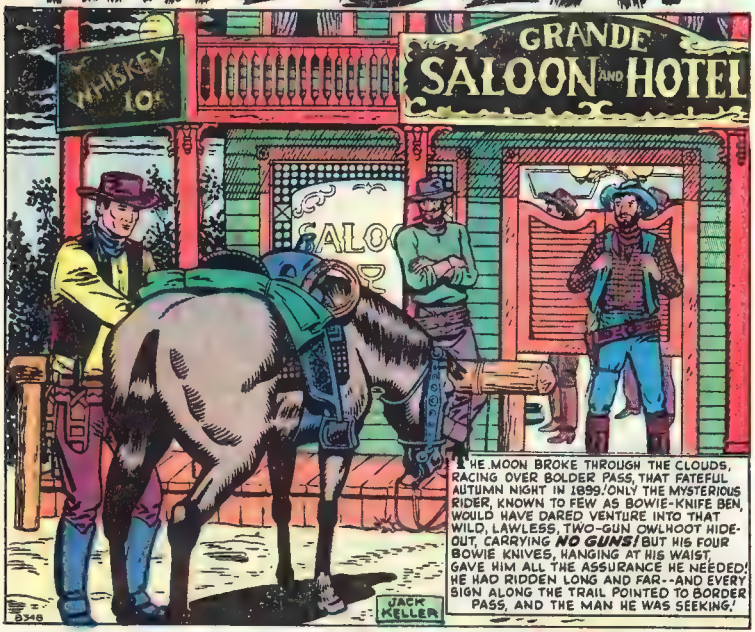
St..... RD..... Box.....

Town..... Zone No..... State.....

PRINT LAST NAME HERE

Paste coupon on postal card or mail in envelope today

BOWIE-KNIFE BEN!



THE MOON BROKE THROUGH THE CLOUDS, RACING OVER BOLDER PASS, THAT FATEFUL AUTUMN NIGHT IN 1899.' ONLY THE MYSTERIOUS RIDER, KNOWN TO FEW AS BOWIE-KNIFE BEN, WOULD HAVE DARED VENTURE INTO THAT WILD, LAWLESS, TWO-GUN OWLHOOT HIDE-OUT, CARRYING ***NO GUNS!*** BUT HIS FOUR BOWIE KNIVES, HANGING AT HIS WAIST, GAVE HIM ALL THE ASSURANCE HE NEEDED! HE HAD RIDDEN LONG AND FAR--AND EVERY SIGN ALONG THE TRAIL POINTED TO BORDER PASS, AND THE MAN HE WAS SEEKING.'

STRANGERS WERE NEVER WELCOME IN BORDER PASS, AND ALL EYES WERE TURNED ON THE MAN WHO CARRIED FOUR BOWIE KNIVES, INSTEAD OF GUNS!

YER MIGHTY FAST WITH YOUR FISTS, MISTER... BUT THEY AIN'T FAST 'NUFF TO STOP LEAD!

THERE'S MORE WAYS THAN ONE TO SKIN A RAT, MISTER...

AN' HERE'S THE WAY I DO IT! NEXT TIME, I'LL PUT IT THROUGH YOUR DIRTY THROAT! -NOBODY PULLS A GUN ON **BOWIE-KNIFE BEN!** NOW, SADDLE UP... AN' **GIT!**

THE CROWD PARTED AND LET BEN PASS INTO THE SALOON! A FEW DRINKS LATER, BULL GORMAN, KILLER-OUTLAW OF ARIZONA SLAMMED INTO THE SALOON...

SO YOU'RE THE HOMBRE THAT GIVE ONE OF MY BOYS A BEATIN', HUH? YA SURE PUT A LOT OF FAITH IN THEM KNIVES, STRANGER... COMIN' INTO GUN COUNTRY PACKIN' NOTHIN' BUT THEM STICKERS!

THEY CAN DO EVERYTHING A GUN CAN, MISTER... AN THEY DO IT QUIET-LIKE, WITHOUT FUSS AN' FIRE!

YOU'LL HAVE TO PROVE THAT, MISTER... OR GIT OUTTA TOWN! WE'LL HAVE A CONTEST! I TAKE FOUR SHOTS, YOU THROW YUH FOUR KNIVES. MOST HITS WINS, AN LOSER SHINES THE WINNER'S BOOTS!

KENO... AN' WHEN YOU SHINE MY BOOTS... CLEAN THE HEELS TOO!

OFFICE

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

WITH A MAGNIFICENT DISPLAY OF STRENGTH AND ACCURACY, BEN SENT HIS FOUR BOWIE KNIVES WHIZZING ACROSS THE ROOM, TRUE TO THE TARGET! EACH BLADE HIT WITH A METALLIC TWANG, AND STUCK, QUIVERING IN THE DOOR PANEL!

WELL, BULL, DOWN ON YOUR KNEES, AN' START POLISHIN'!

THE ONLY THING I'M GONNA POLISH, COYOTE... IS THE FLOOR... WITH YOUR HIDE! AFTER I'M THROUGH WITH YUH, YUH'LL NEVER THROW ANOTHER KNIFE! WE'RE GONNA HAVE A DIFFERENT CONTEST... BARE HANDS, NO HOLDS BARRED!

OFFICE

I NEVER LOOK FOR A FIGHT... BUT WHEN IT COMES HUNTIN' ME I DON'T SCAMPER FROM IT!

BULL'LL KILL 'IM!

HE AIN'T GOT A CHANCE!

BET IT DON'T LAST THREE MINUTES!

IT WAS BULL'S BRUTE STRENGTH PITTED AGAINST BEN'S SPEED AND CUNNING! THE HUGE BULLY WAS PLAYING AT HIS OWN GAME, HAND-TO-HAND FIGHTING, NO HOLDS BARRED!

COME ON, BULL!

FINISH HIM QUICK!

SHOW HIM HOW IT'S DONE, BULL!

HE'S LICKED WITHOUT HIS KNIVES!

COME ON, YOU YELLOW COYOTE! THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING!

YOU GOT 'IM NOW, BULL!

WATCH HIS RIGHT, BULL!

TEN DOLLARS MORE ON BULL!

MEN IN BORDER PASS HAD WITNESSED MANY FIGHTS, BUT THIS WAS THE MOST SAVAGE THEY HAD EVER SEEN!

(GASP!) GET UP.. I'M GONNA BREAK YUH IN TWO, WITH MY BARE HANDS!

STOP! WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE? STOP! YOU'RE RUINING MY PLACE!

BEN POUNDED A VICIOUS BLOW TO BULL'S FACE AND THE OUTLAW SLAMMED AGAINST THE BACK OF THE OPENED DOOR WHICH WAS USED FOR A TARGET! THE BLADES OF BEN'S FOUR BOWIES HAD PENETRATED THE THIN PANELLING AND BULL'S BODY TREMBLED AS HE FELL AGAINST THEM...

ARGG-G-G!

NO CREDIT

I RECKON THAT OUGHTA CONVINCE BULL THAT BOWIE KNIVES ARE BETTER'N A SIX-GUN!

THE END

SUBSCRIBE NOW! $1.00 FOR NEXT 12 ISSUES! BLACK RIDER, 350 5TH AVE., SUITE 1404, NEW YORK CITY (1)

And to think they used to call me

SKINNY!

Give Me 15 Minutes A Day And I'll Give You A New Body

PEOPLE used to laugh at my skinny, 97 lb. body. I was so embarrassed at my weakling build that I was ashamed to strip for sports or for a swim. Girls snickered and made fun of me behind my back. THEN I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system—"*Dynamic Tension.*" And it turned me into such a complete *specimen* of MANHOOD that today I hold the title "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

That's how I traded in my "bag of bones" for a barrel of muscle! And I felt so much better, so much on *top of the world* in my big new, husky body, that I decided to devote my whole life to helping other fellows change themselves into "perfectly developed men."

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When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then you'll be astonished at how *short* a time it takes "*Dynamic Tension*" to GET RESULTS!

"*Dynamic Tension*" is the easy, NATURAL method that you can practice in the privacy of your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your scrawny shoulder muscles begin to swell . . . those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge . . . and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes." Just tell me *where* you want handsome, powerful muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky? Are you short-winded, pepless? Do you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, best jobs, etc.? Then write for my FREE Book about "*Dynamic Tension*" and learn how I can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HE-MAN.

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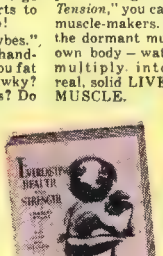
FREE BOOK

Mail the coupon right now for full details and I'll send you my illustrated book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Tells all about my "*Dynamic Tension*" method. Shows actual photos of men I've made into Atlas Champions. It's a valuable book! And it's FREE. Send for your copy today. Mail the coupon to me personally. CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 60H, 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.



CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 60H
115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N.Y.

I want the proof that your system of "*Dynamic Tension*" will help make a New Man of me – give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....Age.....
(Please print or write plainly)

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City.....State.....

THE smoke dribbled through the Jester's nostrils, as he stood there at the bar, his left hand hovering close to his .45 butt. The fat man in front of him cowered and looked pleadingly to the seven men who sat around two tables nearby. These were the men who would back their fat leader when the showdown came.

"Go ahead Hendrix. You're wearing a gun, and I'm wearing a gun, so why don't you draw," said the Jester.

"What do you want from me?" whispered Hendrix. "Why have you been haunting me like this? What have I ever done to you?"

The eyes of the Jester raked the seven men sitting at the tables. Among those seven, there was one who would side with him, when the lights went out. There was one man who had sworn to take his part when the showdown came, but that was fifteen years ago, and all of them were older now. He couldn't recognize the man, but he knew he was here now.

"Don't you know why I'm going to kill you, Hendrix?" said the Jester sweetly. "You mean you really don't know who I am?" He leaned forward and blew a puff of blue smoke into Hendrix's eyes. Making sure to keep his hand next to his gun butt at all times.

"Do you remember a small squatter's house you burned down one Sunday night about fifteen years ago?" the Jester said. "Do you remember killing a man and woman and three boys in their teens, and leaving just a five year old button screaming and crying, after you'd shot both his arms to make sure he'd never grow up and come gunning for you?" "Well," he snapped, "I was that little button."

"And I did get well enough, not only to learn to handle a gun, but to shoot so well that I earned myself the title—throughout the Panhandle — as the Jester. The man with the laughing guns."

"You'll never get out of here alive," Hendrix screeched. "There are eight of us here and you've got only six bullets in that pistol of yours. Even if you get six of us the other two will blast your hide."

The Jester laughed. "That would be true my friend, if one of your men there wasn't on my side."

Hendrix whitened.

"Yes," the Jester continued. "You see that night one of your men felt mighty disgusted about his part in a thing like you done to a poor, defenseless family. He came back and took care of me. Brought me to a family to

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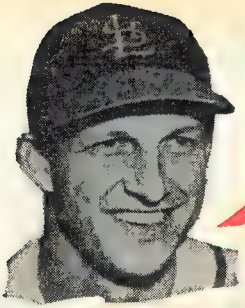

Red Barber's BIG LEAGUE BASEBALL GAME

IS LOADS OF FUN TO PLAY . . .
IT HAS EVERYTHING . . . EXCITEMENT, CHANCE, REALISM, STRATEGY, SKILL!

Stan Musial
LEAD FIRST BASEMAN OF THE ST. LOUIS CARDINALS

ALL THE ACTION AND THRILLS OF A BIG LEAGUE BASEBALL GAME!

At last it's here, the baseball game that's just like real baseball in every way. You've thrilled to Red Barber's play-by-play on radio and television. Now, for the thrill of a lifetime play RED BARBER'S sensational new BIG LEAGUE BASEBALL GAME.

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Red Barber's Big League Baseball Game has been carefully worked out to conform to major league averages of more than 2000 games over a period of two years. Every play that is possible on the playing field can be made on this diamond.

And what's more, the game never gets monotonous. Every play is different. You can play alone, with a friend, or with a whole roomful. Pops up dull parties, grand for relaxation after a hard day's work. Never before anything like it!

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"Playing RED BARBER'S BIG LEAGUE BASEBALL GAME is a swell way for kids to learn baseball inside out. It teaches them all the fine points of the game so that when they get out on the playing field they will feel right at home and have that important baseball know-how. Players learn to share the infield and outfield. A fielder learns what base to throw the ball to, and a runner knows when to try for the extra base. It is a swell game to play on rainy days and ideal for mapping out baseball strategy."

CASEY STENGEL

"RED BARBER'S BIG LEAGUE BASEBALL GAME is tops in any man's league. All the plays made in real baseball can be made right on this game. I think every baseball fan in America will get a big kick out of playing this exciting game."

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"RED BARBER'S BIG LEAGUE BASEBALL GAME is just what baseball fans have been waiting for. It is the only game I have ever seen in which the ball is hit, fielded, and played right on the diamond while the runners move around the bases. I think it is the baseball game of the century!"

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"This game is figured out with all the percentages. I get a big kick out of playing it."

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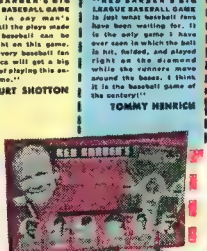

Illustration shows only a small section of *Red Barber's game.* The actual size is 19" x 25". Printed in 3 colors.

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☐ I will pay to the postman upon arrival $2.95, plus postage and C.O.D. Charges. (Canadian orders 25¢ extra)

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City.....Zone.....State.....

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care for me and set my broken bones. And he told me that if ever I decided to come gunning for you, when I grew up, he'd side with me, because he hated your guts and all that he needed was a starter and a reason."

Hendrix licked his dry lips with his tongue, and his eyes went over the men sitting at the table, poised for the fight. The men themselves, after hearing this, began to look at their comrades. Each one became suspicious of the other and became jittery, lest one among them start shooting from their midst when the lights went out.

"Yup," snickered the Jester, "I'll take care of six of you with my little .45, and my pal will take care of the other two. I wouldn't be surprised if his pal didn't pitch in and help us. That would be three against five. Pretty good odds considering that I'm considered one of the best shots in this country. You *have* heard about my reputation, haven't you?"

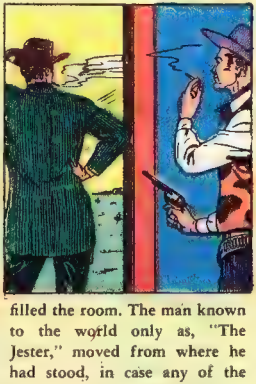
He turned his eyes towards the bartender without moving his body. "Give me a shot of whiskey," he said softly, "and then duck down behind the counter so that you won't get hurt. There's going to be a lot of lead flying in the next few minutes."

He gulped the firey liquid down, slammed the shot glass on the table. "All right friend," he said, "addressing the group at the table. I don't rightly remember your face, so I don't know which one you are. But the time has come, and I'm depending on you, and the friend you told me about, to side with me.

Just at that moment the cold wintery wind outside swirled about and sent weird noises down the chimney. One of the windows on the side of the room, propped open by a stick, snapped shut like a gun-shot. Almost at the same instant one of the gun-hands, jittery from the tension that filled the room like a live thing, fired at the lantern swinging from the center of the ceiling.

Immediately the room was filled with blazing gunfire. The loud reports in the dark, mingled with powdersmoke and screams of pain, as men fired in the direction of bullet-flashes. The effect was one of a holocaust, an insane chaos of death and fear.

At the second the darkness



filled the room. The man known to the world only as, "The Jester," moved from where he had stood, in case any of the gunnies had a good memory, and leaped over behind the bar falling practically on top of the quaking bartender. The man opened his mouth to scream, but the Jester put his hand over the man's mouth and reassured him by a pat on the back.

The shooting continued. The screams of pain and anguish filled the room until he felt that the room must burst with such horror crowding into it. But the Jester did not fire a shot. He just lay there behind the bar and smiled.

After a while the shooting stopped, and all that he could hear were an occasional groan of pain, or a death-gurgle. He waited a few minutes more, and then he was sure that the show was over. To test it he lit a match and as it flared he threw it up into the air. It made an arc, but spluttered and died and no one shot at it.

Then the Jester got up, and relit the lantern. The sight that greeted his eyes was terrible to behold. Broken chairs and tables were scattered all over the room, and through the heavy-hanging gunsmoke, he could see the bodies—eight of them lying in little growing pools of blood. Eight men dead and he hadn't fired a shot from his own gun.

He turned to the bartender who stood there aghast, shaking like a leaf. "D—don't shoot me, Mister Jester. I—I ain't done nuthin' to no one."

The Jester laughed and slapped him on the back. "Shoot you? Why I ain't ever killed a man in my life. Set us up a couple of drinks now and stop shaking that way."

"Ain't ever killed a man? But you're the Jester ain't you? Why I've heard tales about you that—"

The Jester gulped down his drink. "Yes, you've heard stories, but none of them are true. I spread those tales myself to get back here. It was all part of a plan—a very good plan. You see when Hendrix shot me in the arms fifteen years ago it made me a cripple for life. I could never handle a gun. So I made believe I was a great shot, and that there was one of his men who would side with me. Of course it wasn't true. Not a word of it."

THE END 8266

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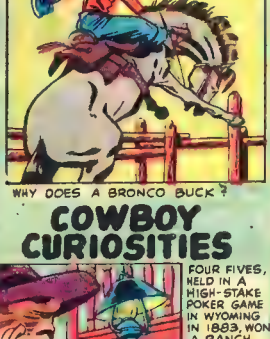
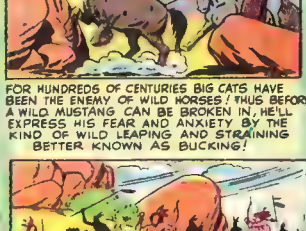
BLACK RIDER CLUB PAGE

CORRAL CLUES

HI, BLACK RIDER FANS! THIS IS YOUR BLACK RIDER CLUB PAGE! HERE, EVERY ISSUE, YOU WILL FIND EXCITING WESTERN TIPS, STORIES, AND ODDITIES! ALSO--YOUR FAN LETTERS, PRINTED JUST AS YOU WRITE 'EM, SO SEND US YOUR OPINIONS! WE'LL USE 'EM AS A GUIDE TOWARD GIVING YOU BETTER AND BETTER ENTERTAINMENT!

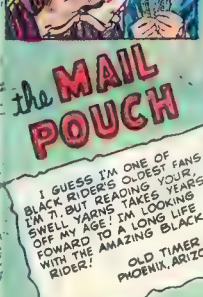


WHY DOES A BRONCO BUCK?

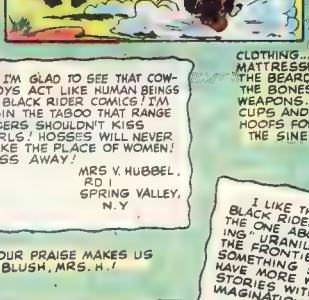


FOR HUNDREDS OF CENTURIES BIG CATS HAVE BEEN THE ENEMY OF WILD HORSES! THUS BEFORE A WILD MUSTANG CAN BE BROKEN IN, HE'LL EXPRESS HIS FEAR AND ANXIETY BY THE KIND OF WILD LEAPING AND STRAINING BETTER KNOWN AS BUCKING!

COWBOY CURIOSITIES



FOUR FIVES, HELD IN A HIGH-STAKE POKER GAME IN WYOMING IN 1883, WON A RANCH FOR SAM FORD! FORD SUPERSTITIOUSLY BRANDED HIS LUCKY NUMBERS ONTO HIS NEW CATTLE!



NO WONDER THE BISON WAS ALMOST EXTERMINATED! THE INDIANS, FOR INSTANCE, USED EVERY SQUARE INCH OF THE BEAST! THE MEAT FOR FOOD... THE FAT TO MAKE PAINT... THE SKIN FOR TENTS, AND CLOTHING... THE WOOL FOR MATTRESSES AND ROPE... THE BEARD FOR ORNAMENTS... THE BONES FOR TOOLS AND WEAPONS... THE HORNS FOR CUPS AND SPOONS... THE HOOFS FOR GLUE... AND THE SINEWS FOR THREAD!

the MAIL POUCH

I GUESS I'M ONE OF BLACK RIDER'S OLDEST FANS! I'M 71, BUT READING YOUR SWELL YARNS TAKES YEARS OFF MY AGE! I'M LOOKING FOWARD TO A LONG LIFE WITH THE AMAZING BLACK RIDER!

OLD TIMER,
PHOENIX, ARIZONA

NOTHING IS SO AMAZING, OLD TIMER, AS THE STUPENDOUS RESPONSE OF THE READING PUBLIC TO BLACK RIDER COMICS! YOUNGSTERS, SEVEN TO SEVENTY, ARE ACCLAIMING IT AS THE BEST WESTERN EVER!

I'M GLAD TO SEE THAT COWBOYS ACT LIKE HUMAN BEINGS IN BLACK RIDER COMICS! I'M AGIN THE TABOO THAT RANGE RIDERS SHOULDN'T KISS GIRLS! HOSSES WILL NEVER TAKE THE PLACE OF WOMEN! KISS AWAY!

MRS V. HUBBEL,
RD 1
SPRING VALLEY,
N.Y

YOUR PRAISE MAKES US BLUSH, MRS. H.!

WHAT IS BEHIND BLACK RIDER'S MASK?

CURIOUS JOE
CHICAGO,
ILLINOIS

ALL WE CAN SAY JUST NOW IS--A FACE! SORRY, JOE!

I LIKE THE STORIES IN BLACK RIDER COMICS! BUT THE ONE ABOUT "DISCOVERING" URANIUM BACK IN THE FRONTIER DAYS WAS SOMETHING SPECIAL! LET'S HAVE MORE WESTERN STORIES WITH REAL IMAGINATION!

ESTHER LEE,
BOX 26
MADISON,
WISCONSIN

THANKS! WE'LL PASS ON YOUR SWELL SUGGESTION TO THE WRITERS!

BLACK RIDER

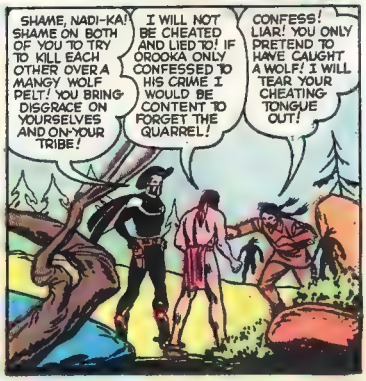
MYSTERY MAN OF THE WESTERN RANGE!

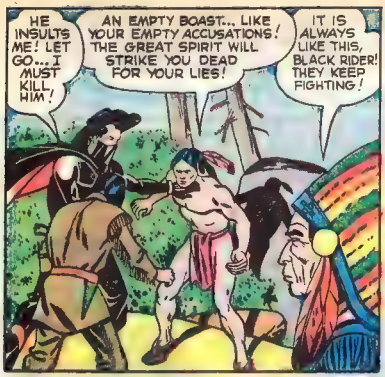
WHEN TWO BROTHERS WILL SLAY ONE ANOTHER OVER A WOLF PELT, IDIOCY IS THICKER THAN BLOOD AND ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN!

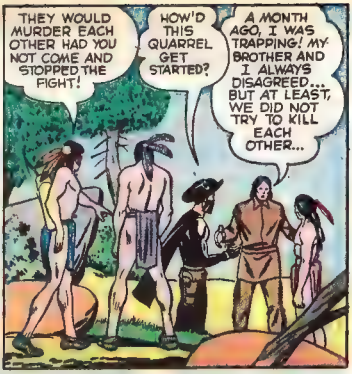
CURSED THIEF... DIE! OHHHHH!

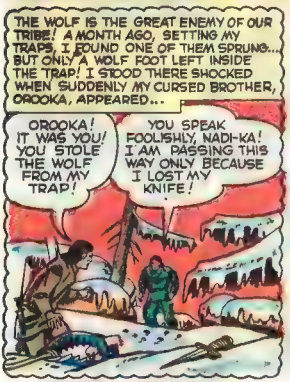
SORRY, BOYS, I JUST CAN'T STAND THE SIGHT OF BLOOD!

THE SIGN OF THE WOLF!



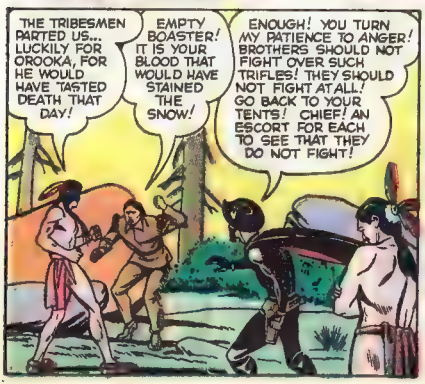

HE INSULTS ME! LET GO... I MUST KILL HIM!
AN EMPTY BOAST... LIKE YOUR EMPTY ACCUSATIONS! THE GREAT SPIRIT WILL STRIKE YOU DEAD FOR YOUR LIES!
IT IS ALWAYS LIKE THIS, BLACK RIDER! THEY KEEP FIGHTING!

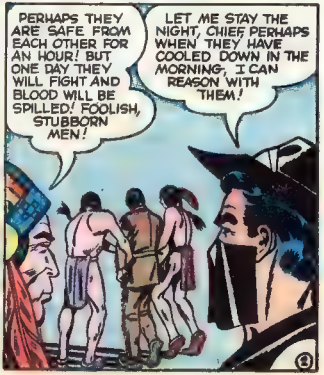

THEY WOULD MURDER EACH OTHER HAD YOU NOT COME AND STOPPED THE FIGHT!
HOW'D THIS QUARREL GET STARTED?
A MONTH AGO, I WAS TRAPPING! MY BROTHER AND I ALWAYS DISAGREED... BUT AT LEAST, WE DID NOT TRY TO KILL EACH OTHER...


THE WOLF IS THE GREAT ENEMY OF OUR TRIBE! A MONTH AGO, SETTING MY TRAPS, I FOUND ONE OF THEM SPRUNG... BUT ONLY A WOLF FOOT LEFT INSIDE THE TRAP! I STOOD THERE SHOCKED WHEN SUDDENLY MY CURSED BROTHER, OROOKA, APPEARED...
OROOKA! IT WAS YOU! YOU STOLE THE WOLF FROM MY TRAP!
YOU SPEAK FOOLISHLY, NADI-KA! I AM PASSING THIS WAY ONLY BECAUSE I LOST MY KNIFE!

HERE'S YOUR KNIFE! NEAR MY TRAP WHERE YOU DROPPED IT AFTER YOU SEVERED THE LEG OF THE WOLF TO STEAL IT FROM MY TRAP! GIVE ME BACK MY PELT, YOU THIEF!
I HAVEN'T GOT YOUR WOLF PELT! THERE WASN'T ANY WOLF IN YOUR TRAP! GIVE ME BACK MY KNIFE!

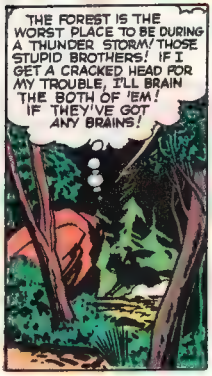
I'LL GIVE IT BACK! I'LL BURY IT IN YOUR THIEVING HEART!
IF IT'S A FIGHT YOU WANT, YOU'LL GET IT! I'LL SPLIT YOUR EMPTY HEAD OPEN!
QUICK! OROOKA AND NADI-KA ARE FIGHTING AGAIN!


THE TRIBESMEN PARTED US... LUCKILY FOR OROOKA, FOR HE WOULD HAVE TASTED DEATH THAT DAY!
EMPTY BOASTER! IT IS YOUR BLOOD THAT WOULD HAVE STAINED THE SNOW!
ENOUGH! YOU TURN MY PATIENCE TO ANGER! BROTHERS SHOULD NOT FIGHT OVER SUCH TRIFLES! THEY SHOULD NOT FIGHT AT ALL! GO BACK TO YOUR TENTS! CHIEF! AN ESCORT FOR EACH TO SEE THAT THEY DO NOT FIGHT!


PERHAPS THEY ARE SAFE FROM EACH OTHER FOR AN HOUR! BUT ONE DAY THEY WILL FIGHT AND BLOOD WILL BE SPILLED! FOOLISH, STUBBORN MEN!
LET ME STAY THE NIGHT, CHIEF! PERHAPS WHEN THEY HAVE COOLED DOWN IN THE MORNING, I CAN REASON WITH THEM!

THAT NIGHT, AS FOG ENSHROUDS THE INDIAN VILLAGE...
YOUR WORDS WILL FALL ON DEAF EARS, NOBLE FRIEND! THEIR FATHER WAS STUBBORN, AND THEIR GRANDFATHER BEFORE HIM! IRON IS IN THEIR WILL! THEY CAN BLOW UP A PEBBLE INTO A MOUNTAIN AND KILL FOR IT!
BLACK RIDER! COME QUICK! NADI-KA...OROOKA... THEY HAVE BOTH ESCAPED! THEY HUNT EACH OTHER IN THE WOODS WITH BOW AND ARROW!

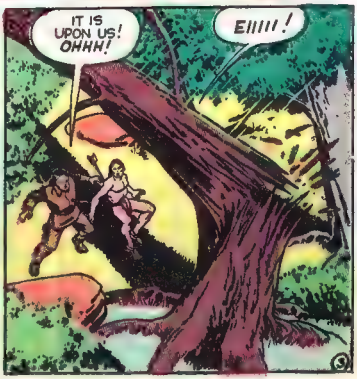
DO NOT GO INTO THE WOODS, BLACK RIDER! LIGHTNING SPLITS THE SKY! TREES WILL FALL, BESIDES YOU'LL NEVER FIND THE FOOLS IN THE FOG! WHAT WILL HAPPEN, WILL HAPPEN!
NO, CHIEF! I MUST TRY TO STOP THEM... JUST OFFER A PRAYER TO THE GREAT SPIRIT THAT THE LIGHTNING DOESN'T STOP ME!

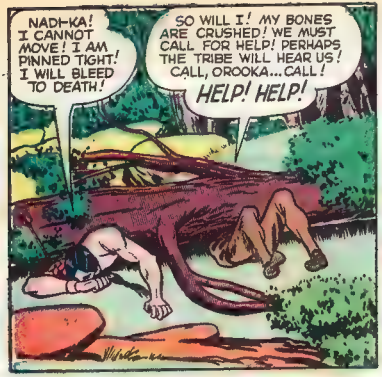

THE FOREST IS THE WORST PLACE TO BE DURING A THUNDER STORM! THOSE STUPID BROTHERS! IF I GET A CRACKED HEAD FOR MY TROUBLE, I'LL BRAIN THE BOTH OF 'EM! IF THEY'VE GOT ANY BRAINS!

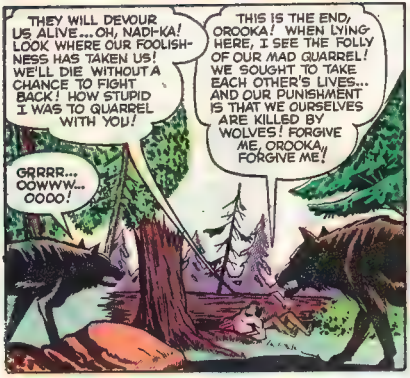
HE PASSES TEN YARDS AWAY! HIS BACK IS TO ME! I'LL FINISH HIM OFF NOW!
NADI-KA! YOU FIRE WHEN MY BACK IS TURNED!
YOUR TIME HAS COME, PELT-STEALER! DIE!

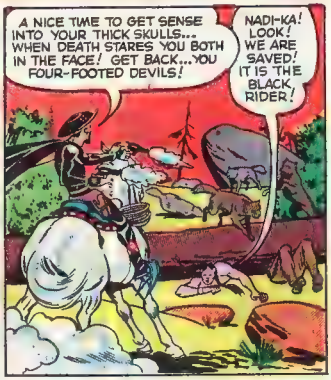
OHHH! I CANNOT LIFT MY ARM TO AIM AN ARROW! MY KNIFE... I MUST THROW MY KNIFE!
MAY IT TASTE YOUR BELLY!

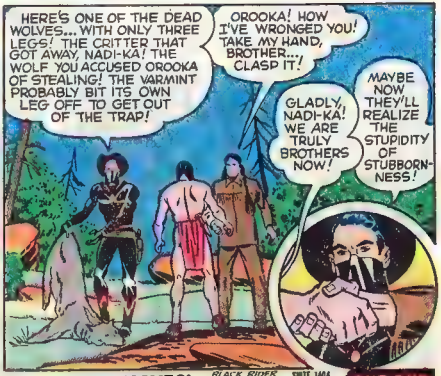
NADI-KA! THE TREE! IT HAS BEEN STRUCK BY LIGHTNING! LOOK OUT! IT FALLS!
AIIII!


IT IS UPON US! OHHH!
EIIIII!









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THE END

BLACK RIDER

MYSTERY MAN OF THE WESTERN RANGE!

WHO WAS TIM VAMUS, GHOST OR IMPOSTER? IT'S HARD TO DECIDE WHEN A MAN ...

RETURNS FROM THE DEAD!

ONE SPRING MORNING IN LEADVILLE...

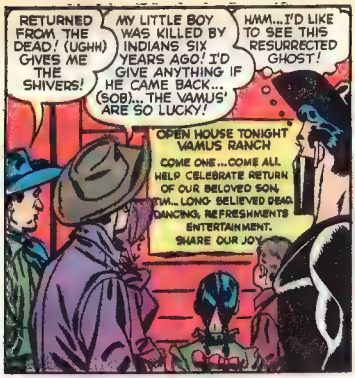
MORNING, PACKRAT PETE! WHAT'S ALL THE EXCITEMENT?

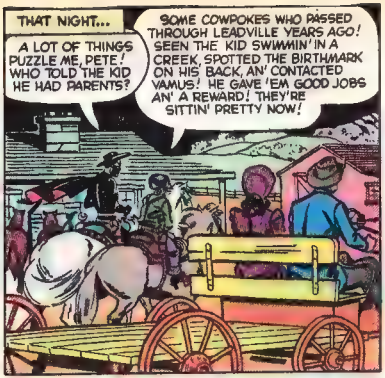
OPEN HOUSE AT THE VAMUS RANCH! THEIR SON, TIM, TURNED UP AFTER NINE YEARS! MRS. VAMUS... SHE CLEAN PASSED OUT WITH JOY WHEN SHE SEEN THE KID'S BUTTERFLY BIRTH-MARK ON HIS BACK!

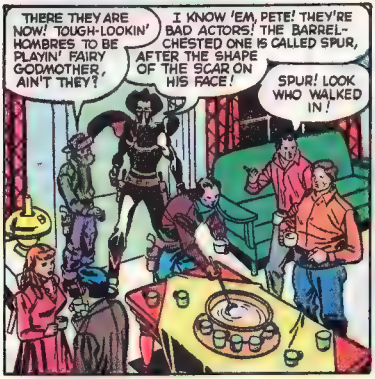
POST OFFICE

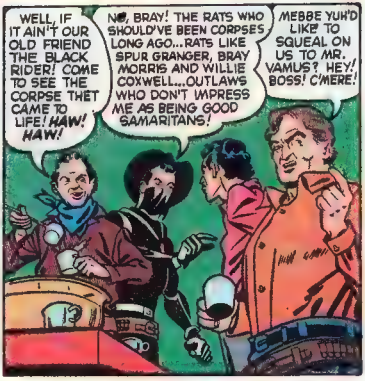
WHERE'S THE KID BEEN ALL THIS TIME?

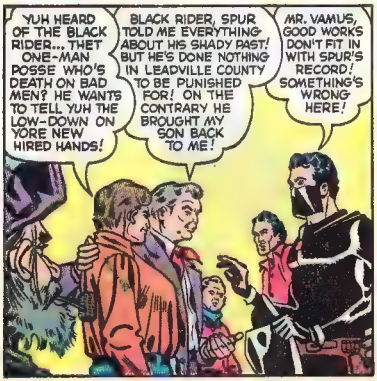
KIDNAPPED! NINE YEARS AGO IT WAS! VAMUS PAID THE VARMINTS A $30,000 RANSOM, BUT THE RATTLESNAKES NEVER TURNED OVER THE BOY! THAT'S WHY EVERYBODY FIGGERED HE WAS DEAD! I WISH I WAS IN THE KID'S BOOTS! VAMUS IS THE RICHEST RANCHER IN THE COUNTY!

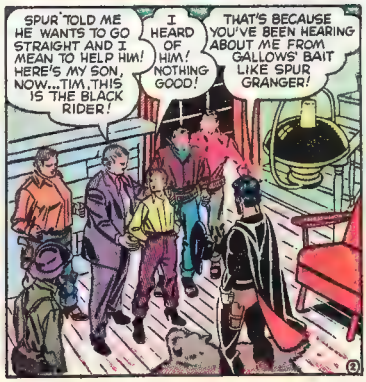

RETURNED FROM THE DEAD! (UGHH) GIVES ME THE SHIVERS!
MY LITTLE BOY WAS KILLED BY INDIANS SIX YEARS AGO! I'D GIVE ANYTHING IF HE CAME BACK... (SOB)... THE VAMUS' ARE SO LUCKY!
HMM... I'D LIKE TO SEE THIS RESURRECTED GHOST!
OPEN HOUSE TONIGHT VAMUS RANCH
COME ONE...COME ALL HELP CELEBRATE RETURN OF OUR BELOVED SON, TIM... LONG BELIEVED DEAD DANCING, REFRESHMENTS ENTERTAINMENT. SHARE OUR JOY

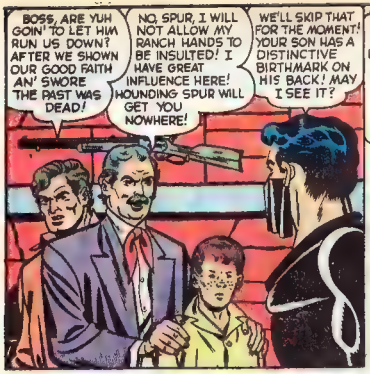

THAT NIGHT...
A LOT OF THINGS PUZZLE ME, PETE! WHO TOLD THE KID HE HAD PARENTS?
SOME COWPOKES WHO PASSED THROUGH LEADVILLE YEARS AGO! SEEN THE KID SWIMMIN' IN A CREEK, SPOTTED THE BIRTHMARK ON HIS BACK, AN' CONTACTED VAMUS! HE GAVE 'EM GOOD JOBS AN' A REWARD! THEY'RE SITTIN' PRETTY NOW!

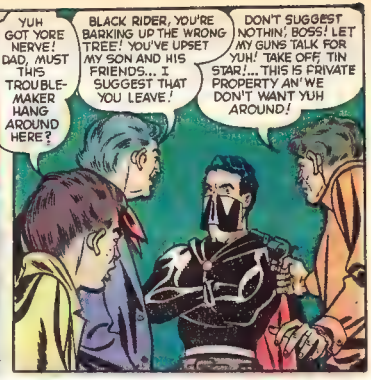

THERE THEY ARE NOW! TOUGH-LOOKIN' HOMBRES TO BE PLAYIN' FAIRY GODMOTHER, AIN'T THEY?
I KNOW 'EM, PETE! THEY'RE BAD ACTORS! THE BARREL-CHESTED ONE IS CALLED SPUR, AFTER THE SHAPE OF THE SCAR ON HIS FACE!
SPUR! LOOK WHO WALKED IN!


WELL, IF IT AIN'T OUR OLD FRIEND THE BLACK RIDER! COME TO SEE THE CORPSE THET CAME TO LIFE! HAW! HAW!
NO, BRAY! THE RATS WHO SHOULD'VE BEEN CORPSES LONG AGO... RATS LIKE SPUR GRANGER, BRAY MORRIS AND WILLIE COXWELL... OUTLAWS WHO DON'T IMPRESS ME AS BEING GOOD SAMARITANS!
MEBBE YUH'D LIKE TO SQUEAL ON US TO MR. VAMUS? HEY! BOSS! C'MERE!

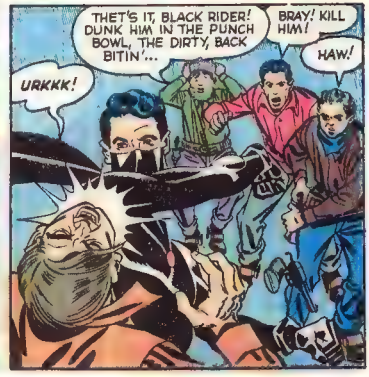

YUH HEARD OF THE BLACK RIDER... THET ONE-MAN POSSE WHO'S DEATH ON BAD MEN? HE WANTS TO TELL YUH THE LOW-DOWN ON YORE NEW HIRED HANDS!
BLACK RIDER, SPUR TOLD ME EVERYTHING ABOUT HIS SHADY PAST! BUT HE'S DONE NOTHING IN LEADVILLE COUNTY TO BE PUNISHED FOR! ON THE CONTRARY HE BROUGHT MY SON BACK TO ME!
MR. VAMUS, GOOD WORK'S DON'T FIT IN WITH SPUR'S RECORD! SOMETHING'S WRONG HERE!


SPUR TOLD ME HE WANTS TO GO STRAIGHT AND I MEAN TO HELP HIM! HERE'S MY SON, NOW... TIM, THIS IS THE BLACK RIDER!
I HEARD OF HIM! NOTHING GOOD!
THAT'S BECAUSE YOU'VE BEEN HEARING ABOUT ME FROM GALLOWS' BAIT LIKE SPUR GRANGER!


BOSS, ARE YUH GOIN' TO LET HIM RUN US DOWN? AFTER WE SHOWN OUR GOOD FAITH AN' SWORE THE PAST WAS DEAD!
NO, SPUR, I WILL NOT ALLOW MY RANCH HANDS TO BE INSULTED! I HAVE GREAT INFLUENCE HERE! HOUNDING SPUR WILL GET YOU NOWHERE!
WE'LL SKIP THAT FOR THE MOMENT! YOUR SON HAS A DISTINCTIVE BIRTHMARK ON HIS BACK! MAY I SEE IT?


YUH GOT YORE NERVE! DAD, MUST THIS TROUBLE-MAKER HANG AROUND HERE?
BLACK RIDER, YOU'RE BARKING UP THE WRONG TREE! YOU'VE UPSET MY SON AND HIS FRIENDS... I SUGGEST THAT YOU LEAVE!
DON'T SUGGEST NOTHIN', BOSS! LET MY GUNS TALK FOR YUH! TAKE OFF, TIN STAR!... THIS IS PRIVATE PROPERTY AN' WE DON'T WANT YUH AROUND!

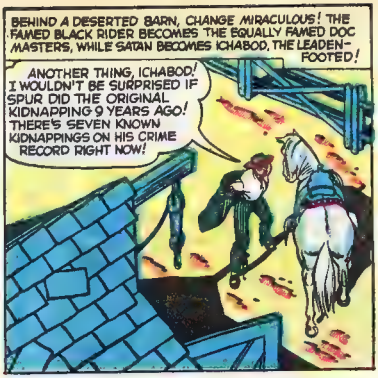
YOU, TOO, FLAPMOUTH! YUH BEEN FILLIN' HIS BIG EARS WITH PIZEN! GET OUT!
THAT SHOVE WILL COST YOU A BROKEN JAW, SPUR!
HEY!

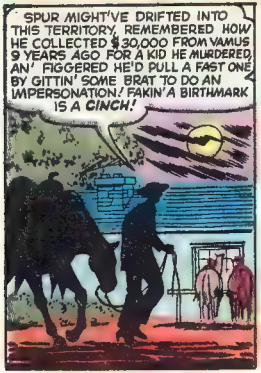

THET'S IT, BLACK RIDER! DUNK HIM IN THE PUNCH BOWL, THE DIRTY, BACK BITIN'...
BRAY! KILL HIM!
HAW!
URKKK!

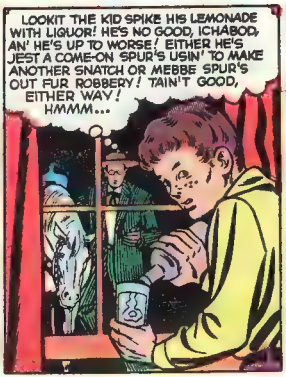
HAW YOURSELF!
OOOFFF!
YIIII!

WON'T YUH BE SEATED?
LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO MY LIVING ROOM! GET OUT OF MY HOUSE, YOU DESPICABLE BRAWLER!
YOU'RE A FOOL, VAMUS, SO I'LL BE BACK! THANKS FOR A LOVELY EVENING! I'M SURE YOUR SON WILL LIVE TO PUT A KNIFE IN YOUR BACK!
I'LL BET A GOLD MINE THAT KID'S IN WITH SPUR GRANGER!

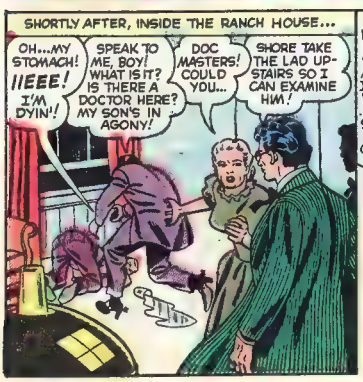
I GOT ME A NICE FAT JUG OF CORN LIKKER TO GO TO BED WITH! JOININ' ME, BLACK RIDER?
NO, PETE! I'VE GOT UNFINISHED BUSINESS, I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT IF THAT KID IS IMPERSONATING THE REAL TIM VAMUS, DEAD THESE NINE LONG YEARS!

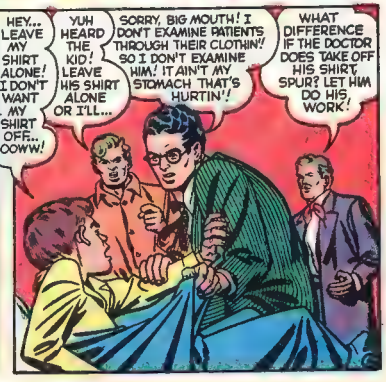

BEHIND A DESERTED BARN, CHANGE MIRACULOUS! THE FAMED BLACK RIDER BECOMES THE EQUALLY FAMED DOC MASTERS, WHILE SATAN BECOMES ICHABOD, THE LEADEN-FOOTED!
ANOTHER THING, ICHABOD! I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF SPUR DID THE ORIGINAL KIDNAPPING 9 YEARS AGO! THERE'S SEVEN KNOWN KIDNAPPINGS ON HIS CRIME RECORD RIGHT NOW!


SPUR MIGHT'VE DRIFTED INTO THIS TERRITORY, REMEMBERED HOW HE COLLECTED $30,000 FROM VAMUS 9 YEARS AGO FOR A KID HE MURDERED, AN' FIGGERED HE'D PULL A FAST ONE BY GITTIN' SOME BRAT TO DO AN IMPERSONATION! FAKIN' A BIRTHMARK IS A CINCH!

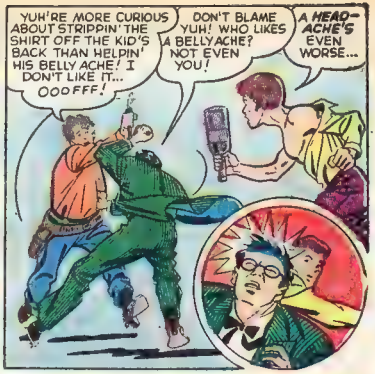

LOOKIT THE KID SPIKE HIS LEMONADE WITH LIQUOR! HE'S NO GOOD, ICHABOD, AN' HE'S UP TO WORSE! EITHER HE'S JEST A COME-ON SPUR'S USIN' TO MAKE ANOTHER SNATCH OR MEBBE SPUR'S OUT FUR ROBBERY! TAIN'T GOOD, EITHER WAY! HMMM...

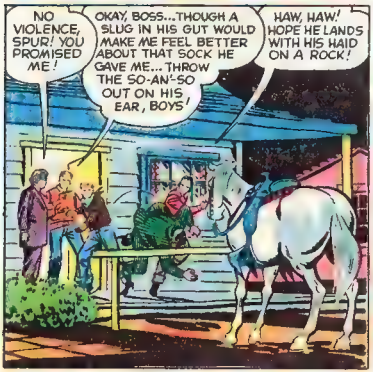
THIS SYRUP OF IPECAC WILL MAKE HIM SICK TO HIS STOMACH WITHOUT KILLIN' HIM! THEN WITH ME BEIN' THE ONLY DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE... I'M A CINCH TO EXAMINE HIS BUTTERFLY BIRTHMARK!

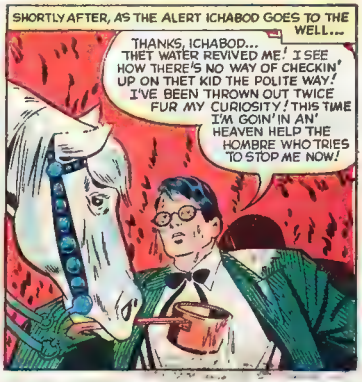

SHORTLY AFTER, INSIDE THE RANCH HOUSE...
OH...MY STOMACH! IIEEE! I'M DYIN'!
SPEAK TO ME, BOY! WHAT IS IT? IS THERE A DOCTOR HERE? MY SON'S IN AGONY!
DOC MASTERS! COULD YOU...
SHORE TAKE THE LAD UP-STAIRS SO I CAN EXAMINE HIM!


HEY... LEAVE MY SHIRT ALONE! I DON'T WANT MY SHIRT OFF... OOWW!
YUH HEARD THE KID! LEAVE HIS SHIRT ALONE OR I'LL...
SORRY, BIG MOUTH! I DON'T EXAMINE PATIENTS THROUGH THEIR CLOTHIN'! SO I DON'T EXAMINE HIM! IT AIN'T MY STOMACH THAT'S HURTIN'!
WHAT DIFFERENCE IF THE DOCTOR DOES TAKE OFF HIS SHIRT, SPUR? LET HIM DO HIS WORK!

THIS IS MY ONE CHANCE TO SEE IF THAT BIRTHMARK IS FAKE!
HE'S HURTIN' ME! SPUR! SAVE ME! YEOW W!
SORRY, MR. VAMUS... BUT THET SAWBONES IS UP TO NO GOOD! ONE SIDE!
DON'T BE A FOOL, SON! I'M ONLY TRYING TO HELP YOU! TAKE THE SHIRT OFF!
OHHH!

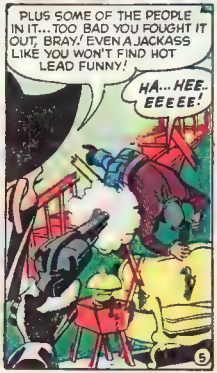

YUH'RE MORE CURIOUS ABOUT STRIPPIN' THE SHIRT OFF THE KID'S BACK THAN HELPIN' HIS BELLY ACHE! I DON'T LIKE IT...
OOOFFF!
DON'T BLAME YUH! WHO LIKES A BELLYACHE? NOT EVEN YOU!
A HEAD-ACHE'S EVEN WORSE...

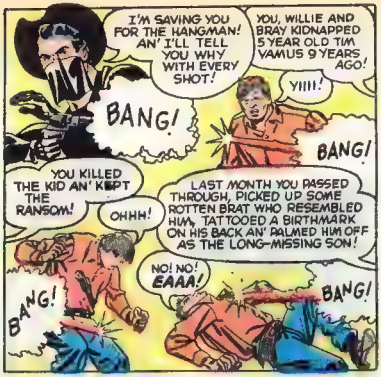

NO VIOLENCE, SPUR! YOU PROMISED ME!
OKAY, BOSS...THOUGH A SLUG IN HIS GUT WOULD MAKE ME FEEL BETTER ABOUT THAT SOCK HE GAVE ME... THROW THE SO-AN'-SO OUT ON HIS EAR, BOYS!
HAW, HAW! HOPE HE LANDS WITH HIS HAID ON A ROCK!

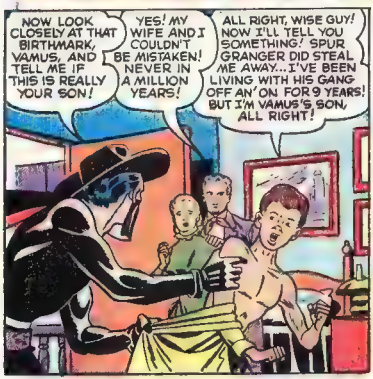

SHORTLY AFTER, AS THE ALERT ICHABOD GOES TO THE WELL...
THANKS, ICHABOD... THET WATER REVIVED ME! I SEE HOW THERE'S NO WAY OF CHECKIN' UP ON THET KID THE POLITE WAY! I'VE BEEN THROWN OUT TWICE FUR MY CURIOSITY! THIS TIME I'M GOIN' IN AN' HEAVEN HELP THE HOMBRE WHO TRIES TO STOP ME NOW!

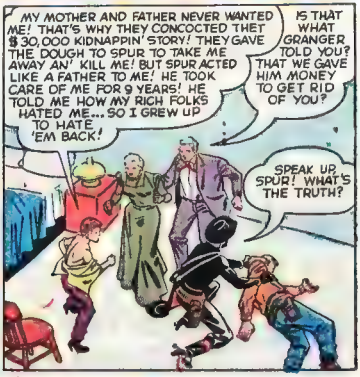
A QUICK CHANGE BACK TO THE BLACK RIDER AND THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN...
THE BLACK RIDER! I TOLD YOU NEVER TO COME BACK!
VAMUS, YOU'RE A NITWIT AND A SUCKER! YOU'VE TAKEN A PACK OF KID-NAPPERS AN' MURDERERS INTO YOUR HOUSE AS FRIENDS...AND I'LL PROVE IT TO YOU OVER ANYBODY'S DEAD BODY WHO TRIES TO STOP ME!
CONSIDER YOURSELF STOPPED!

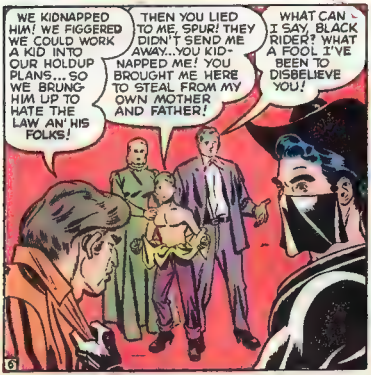
AND VICE VERSA, WILLIE!
YEAA!
SPUR! BRAY! THE BLACK RIDER'S BACK! HE'S SHOOTING UP THE PLACE!
BANG!

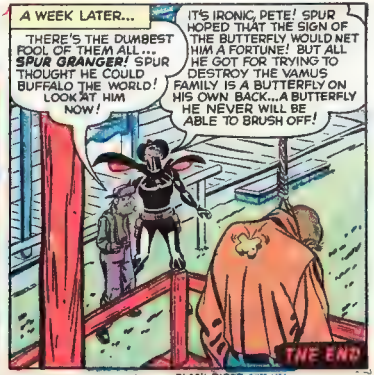

PLUS SOME OF THE PEOPLE IN IT... TOO BAD YOU FOUGHT IT OUT, BRAY! EVEN A JACKASS LIKE YOU WON'T FIND HOT LEAD FUNNY!
HA... HEE.. EEEEE!











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TURN OF KNOB SHOWS NEXT EXCITING PICTURE! When you've looked your admiring fill at one picture, just turn center knob for next thrill-packed "show." Light goes out automatically as new picture appears! To light new picture, bank another coin. No less than SIX exciting pictures in all — a fight, dramatic dance team, tense rodeo scene, hilarious cartoon, swell figure skater and circus clown with his trick dog!

PUTS YOU "IN THE MONEY" — AND FAST! Your savings pile up PLENTY FAST—and with this marvelous new Television Bank! None of your friends, relatives or chance visitors can resist depositing enough to see the complete show! And with SIX wonderful pictures to see — you bank REAL MONEY just for letting them look!

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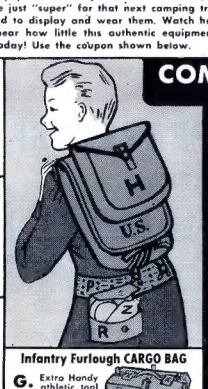

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